



# DUTCHWOMEN AND THEIR AMERICAN DESCENDANTS



INMATES OF A DUTCH ORPHANAGE ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.

WHEN Miss Ethel Roosevelt, the president's daughter, makes her social debut in January we may expect to hear her exploited as the typical American girl, just as her half sister Alice was before her and as young women of the White House have been whenever there was an attractive young woman in the executive mansion. Miss Ethel differs much in appearance, manner and character from her half sister. The Roosevelts are Knickerbockers of the Knickerbockers, and she seems to have inherited a large strain of their Dutch blood. Seen on the streets of The Hague or Amsterdam or Leyden, she might readily be mistaken for a loyal subject of the house of Orange-Nassau.

The Dutch girl is one of the most delightful creatures in the world. If you do not believe it, glance at the accompanying picture, which represents ten young women of the Netherlands arrayed in their best caps and kerchiefs on the way to church of a Sunday morning. A more delightful method of securing conviction is to embark in

one of the great Atlantic steamships that land one at Rotterdam and investigate the Dutch girl as she is at home. Restful and pleasing enough you may find her in the large cities like The Hague, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem, Utrecht, Leyden, Groningen and Arnhem, but if you would know her in all her charm you must venture out into untrodden ways where the plump, shy maidens are still clad in the same picturesque caps, gay short skirts and bodices that were the fashion when Hendrik Hudson piloted the Halve Maen out of the port of Amsterdam or

when the pilgrim mothers spent their peaceful exile in the Low Countries.

#### Where to Find the Type.

Yet even in slow going Holland the leavening force of fashion is at work, and now it is only in country lanes and bypaths that one may hope to hear "the clang of the wooden shoon." If you take boat for some of the quaint and unexplored islands that hug the shore of the North sea or penetrate into the remote fastnesses of Zeeland or Friesland, then you may see life as it was lived by the foremothers of

America, for it is well to remember that those who came over to New England in the Mayflower and Speedwell lived so long in the land of dikes and windmills that they must have acquired some of its habits and points of view. Remember, too, that from such gabled cottages or farmhouses came originally the sturdy ancestresses of our Knickerbocker stock.

#### The Ideal Dairymaid.

Seen at close quarters, one is impressed with the admirable poise, the wholesomeness, of the Dutchwoman.

Nerves she has none, even into a green old age, after a life of incessant toil, she preserves the strength of mind and body that makes her as one apart among womankind. The Dutchwoman marries less early than the women of many nations, but she makes a devoted mother and is no advocate of race suicide. When one visits the townships about every Dutch cottage door it is obvious whence our Knickerbocker president derives his prejudices in this respect. Her house is generally small, but it is scrupulously scrubbed and polished to an awe inspiring immaculate-

ness. The smallness of the Dutch house and the largeness of the Dutch family make outdoor life popular.

The original "Spotless Town" is said to be a tiny village on the North sea, where even the doorsteps of the street are washed up by the indefatigable housewives. The Dutchwoman is a notable provider of dainties, oysters, koeke, highly sweetened preserves, dainty cheeses, cakes and pies of every sort and description filling her pantry. She is mistress of all the arts that pertain to the dairy, for in Holland almost every family with a grass plot as big as a pocket handkerchief keeps a cow and receives it under the domestic roof-tree even as one of the family. This does not mean that the Dutch are unfatigable in regard to their neighbors, but it indicates that the Netherlands cattle have been educated to a refinement in matters of personal cleanliness that would do credit to many a self-respecting American. The cow dwells in a tiled room which is daily swept and scrubbed and garnished. In front of each stall is a tiny window, and to protect the animal's eyes a lace or muslin curtain is generally daintily draped over it to tone down the light. Every day her sleek coat is brushed and carried and combed. The cow's bath is a matter of the most vital importance, for it is how indifferent her owners may be to their own ablutions. So far as the family is concerned, very little of the precious milk is poured into the cans and loaded upon one of the heavy carts drawn by horses and carried to the nearest town, for distribution among customers, or it may be the good woman is a champion cheese butter maker and converts it into rounds or rolls which are sold at the next market or to some itinerant merchant who gathers them up for shipping to France, England or even America, for Holland is the birthplace of the excellent Edam and the appetizing Gouda and the long appreciated Gouda cheese.

Women's suffrage has not yet come to Holland; but, although the Dutchwoman is sure, and in those lines in which she has done well, her influence has been well and wisely felt.

Thus through the centuries have Dutchwomen preserved their characteristics, building down to us a succeeding generation their sturdy virtues, their force of will and their practical heritage, a sound mind in a sound body. There are many who think that the American descendants of Knickerbockers have lost much that was best in their ancestry. It is not easy to recognize in the thin, wiry and somewhat ached dames who live in the most expensive boxes at the New York house show or opera the descendants of the white-capped and aproned wouws of early Manhattan.

EMILY RIDDING.

## How They Spent Their First Day In London; Kate Clyde and a "Person" Do Some Sightseeing

OUR train arrived in London at 5 in the morning. It was 6 when we reached our hotel, a large one on the embankment.

For practical purposes it still might have been midnight.

A sleepy porter was yawning his head off in the office, while the gorgeous Persian carpet in the entrance lay coiled up like a huge snake. In the distance one could hear the inhuman sounds of weeping.

We registered and began to yawn ourselves, in sympathy with the porter.

Could we have breakfast?

Oh, dear, no! Not for a couple of hours yet. Was there anything one could get to eat? (This from me.)

Absolutely nothing.

The men of the party asked if they could have a drink.

Why, certainly!

Is there any hour when a man can't get a drink? If there is, I wish some one would tell me.

So they had what they wanted and sat around and smoked.

I watched them.

I'm not temperance, but at that hour of the morning and on an empty stomach—ugh!

In a few minutes I forgot my hunger and the fact that I had been up all night, for the sun was beginning to shine in the streets—unusual good luck for London weather!

#### An English Hotel Bedroom.

It suddenly occurred to me how foolish and unnecessary sleep is. If you just got over being sleepy, as I had, why, you were all right and eight hours to the good. I moved toward the door with the intention of taking an instructive and pleasant stroll

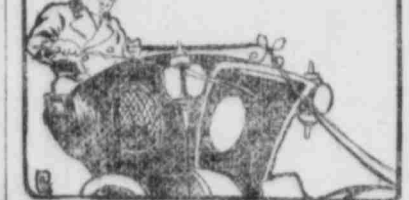
when authority represented by the person who was with me grabbed hold of me and sent me flying upstairs as fast as the elevator would go.

After all, it wasn't bad in that room. I snuggled down under the red silk quilt and took in its magnificence. Of course I would not go to sleep. I simply gave in for the sake of peace.

#### Why Not In America?

Everything was red and white, from the mahogany four poster of mediaeval

"A cab, sir!"



size to the tiny footstool under my dressing table. The latter was enormous, with candles and a three ply mirror. My pieces of silver were quite lost on it. There was a tiny dressing chair upholstered in red silk in front of it. The wardrobe was big enough for All Baba and the forty thieves to hide in. It had three full length mirrors. There were cunning side lights everywhere, and near the bed a huge rose colored affair. The paper was a continuous scenery pattern of birds, flowers and huge trees, so that it gave one the effect of being in a garden. After all, London was a lovely place. Why couldn't they have that jungle style of decoration in New York? That red bird over there, for instance—

Bang! Bang! Bang! Merciful heavens! Could I have been asleep? Yes, and breakfast was at the door.

Come in! The huge silver tray was put down at my bedside. This was real morning at last—about 11 o'clock. There were marmalade and coffee. Being strong minded, I drank the coffee. The Person who is with me ate the marmalade.

A very good division; I can't bear orange marmalade.

#### The Tower, of Course.

"A cab, sir? Yes, sir! Yes, ma'am! Where shall I take you, sir?" "Up to the Tower!" I ventured, taking direction of affairs. (It might rain the next day, and it would be no joke seeing the different towers in the midst of an English drizzle.)

"Very well, ma'am!" Stan went the door. We were off! "Up to the Tower!" I ventured, taking direction of affairs. (It might rain the next day, and it would be no joke seeing the different towers in the midst of an English drizzle.)

times, for we were both asleep. (So much for night traveling?)

At last we came to and descended. I am showing the Person the town, having been here before, and so I remarked very unnecessarily, "This is the Tower!"

"Well, for heaven's sake!" came the unexpected reply, and I heard him gasp.

I turned around to find the cause of all this. It was a beefsteak guard of the Tower. It wasn't his red and black Elizabethan uniform that caused merriment, but the fact that he was Elizabethan to the waist and twentieth century from there down. Ah, well, I suppose slashed trunks and silk hose are too airy for the present day Englishman, but, still, black cloth trousers with a petticoat effect above them are rather—old.

We were struck with the number of Americans—in fact, there were no English evidently who had the curiosity to see the Tower in summer time. You heard your countryman, standing with their usual shrewdness the value of the crown jewels. They stood open mouthed in front of traitors' gate and would have liked to carry away the coats of arms and inscriptions in the Beauchamp tower. Perhaps they might appropriate the coats of arms? I have heard of ardent republicans doing stranger things than that.

#### Caught in the Act.

Fortunately lynx eyed guardians are always on hand to prevent just such overenthusiasm, and a stout lady with two daughters suffered the mortification of having to cough up a piece of mortar she had appropriated from beneath Lady Jane Grey's autograph. She looked as if nothing would ever compensate her for its loss.

You can say what you will, the Tower is a peaceful place, with all its scenes of murder, husband and gone and the sunlight gilding its wise old gray towers and green stretches of English lawn.

A peaceoff spreads its tail on the very stones where once the scaffold stood. Two enormous rock butter in clumps play in front of the Norman tower where the little princess died.

A regiment of "Tomatoes" dined back at the Whitehall tower.

We have progressed beyond cruelty at least, if we have not done with war. What do you suppose we found our caddy doing? He was writing a let-

ter, a love letter, too, judging by his expression and by the fact that we had to say "Past!" three times. He used the top of the hansom as a writing desk.

"Where shall we go now?" I asked. "Let's do Whitechapel. I want to see what the worst parts of London look like in the daytime!" the Person suggested.

#### Slumming In a Cab.

It was rather original to go slumming in a cab, but we were neither of us inclined to go walking.

We drove over old London bridge, and then back again over Tower bridge, with its wonderful turrets. The draw was up. The people, however, did not have to wait as they do in America, which shows that Londoners are not so slow after all. They went up to the top of the twin towers and crossed by means of a small suspension bridge, so elevated as to be out of the way.

On the other side the houses became meaner as we went along. Soon streets dwindled into alleys hardly wide enough for our hansom.

Here, beyond a green door, one of the fact the Ripper murders occurred. There another grew some tragedy filled the papers for a couple of weeks.

#### A Famous Locality.

We crossed Petticoat Lane, with its queer purchases. It looked like Hester street, New York, only the women wore a different type, heavy and red faced, with stately dress and tumbled hair. Gin mills stood on every corner. We were in the heart of the slums. But, my friends, the slums of great London, of London the wicked, of "Alms in London" fame, are like paradise compared to the poverty stricken east side of little old New York.

"There, what did I tell you? Weren't we wise to do the Tower while it was pleasant?" I exclaimed as I felt a drop of rain.

Down it came, not in torrents, but in a persistent drizzle, so characteristic that you would know you were in London by that alone. The caddy out down the window, and we drove back to the hotel. It was much later in the afternoon than we thought. Lights twinkled in shop windows, and small boys rushed under the horses' hoofs, carrying by a miracle, as they carried provisions home for the even-

ing meal, for the most part bladders and pickles, with indigestible ham and sweet buns.

It was good to be in the broad street again. Our hotel, with its spacious balconies facing the river, seemed a palace.

#### The Brighter Side.

That evening as I sat in the great white dining room, where every woman wore a décolleté gown and no man was allowed to enter without an evening suit, the visit to the slums that afternoon seemed a bad dream.

An American woman, beautifully dressed in a pale chiffon gown and a

beaded picture hat, approached the head waiter for a table.

That pompous official whispered a word to her husband, and the lady went to the dressing room and removed her elaborate Parisian headpiece.

She had allowed!

She learned her lesson that way to appear in full evening dress.

Kate Clyde London.



HANDSOME AND CLEVER YOUNG ARTIST.

Mr. Harry Leon Wilson has most of the gifts young women envy. A glance at her picture shows that she has beauty in an unusual degree. She also has talent and is known to the art and reading world as Rose Cecil M. O'Neil. Her husband is the author of "The Spenders" and other successful novels, while she is not only an artist, but a clever verse writer.

#### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

If held upright, an ostrich feather will at once be seen to be perfectly even and equal on both sides, and the even dividing it exactly in the center, whereas the stems of other feathers are found to be more or less on one side.

A capital dry shampoo powder may be made of eight ounces powdered arctic root, two and three-quarter ounces of powdered bergamot and

cassia flowers, and half a dram of powdered cloves. Mix by sifting many times. To use, rub well on the scalp and hair, and then brush out thoroughly.

The queen of Slum has a very remarkable thumb, which was given to her by her husband, King Chulalongkorn. It is made of gold, in the form of a lotus bud, and is thickly studded

with diamonds, which are arranged to form her name and the date of her marriage. The form of the gift was appropriate, since the lotus is the royal flower.

The carline of Russia dresses with the greatest simplicity. In the daytime her majesty mostly wears tailor made coats and skirts, and in the evening favors the "surret" white materials. The carline has taken to making her own dresses, or, at least,

to have them made in the royal palace by a seamstress. It was the etiquette of the court to send in Paris for the evening gowns, to London for the tailor made suits and to establishments in St. Petersburg for the everyday gowns.

Our history is full of strange happenings, especially as interpreted in school. Here is a curiously confused answer, given in class by an eight-year-old girl the other day. "The hy-

dra" said this interesting tale, "was married to Henry VIII. When he cut off her head another one sprang up in its place."

Here is a good face lotion for use by those distressed by pimples. To five ounces of spring flower water add one ounce of spirits of camphor and one dram of milk of sulphur. Shake thoroughly. Wash the face at night with tepid water and soap, and after drying the face apply the lotion with a soft

sponge or a puff of cotton. Let the lotion dry on.

A good idea is to have neat Indian matting put along the wall of the bathroom as a kind of dado. At the bottom it may be fastened under the shaving board or secured just above it by a strip of additional molding. Another narrow piece of beading or wood molding should be tacked along the top to hold the upper edge. The advantage of Indian matting is that it

is not injured by splashing and always gives a light, clean appearance to the room.

A thing held essential to beauty in olden days seems to have been a set of curls. The beauties of a period once painted in many galleries all had their clustering, clinging ringlets that hung down over their ears and around their slender, graceful necks. Just as they had domelike foreheads and an expression of mild melancholy.



MOST RECENT PICTURE OF QUEEN WILHELMINA.

This portrait of Wilhelmina shows her wearing one of the royal crowns not unlike the thorns that fashionable New York women set on opera nights. The Dutch czar has lost much of her youthful chubbiness, but since her reconciliation with her consort she is said to be looking much happier than she has since her unpopular marriage.